



SYNOPSIS.

George Fervid Algonern Jones, vice-president of the Metropolitan Oriental Rug company of New York, thirsting for romance, is in Cairo on a business trip. Fortune Ryane arrives at the hotel in Cairo with a carefully guarded bundle. Ryane sells Jones the famous holy Yliorides rug which he admits having stolen from a pasha at Bagdad. Jones meets Major Callahan and later is introduced to Fortune Chedsoye by a woman to whom he had loaned 150 pounds at Monte Carlo some months previously, and who turns out to be Fortune's mother. Jones takes Mrs. Chedsoye and Fortune to a polo game. Fortune returns to Jones the money borrowed by her mother. Mrs. Chedsoye appears to be engaged in some mysterious enterprise unknown to the daughter. Ryane interests Jones in the United Romance and Adventure company, a concern which for a price will arrange any kind of an adventure to order. Mrs. Chedsoye, her brother, Major Callahan, Wallace and Ryane, as the United Romance and Adventure company, plan a risky enterprise involving Jones. Ryane makes known to Mrs. Chedsoye his intention to marry Fortune. Mrs. Chedsoye declares she will not permit it. Plans are laid to prevent Jones sailing for home. Ryane steals Jones' letters and cable dispatches. He wires agent in New York. In Jones' name, that he is renting house in New York to some friends. Mahomed, keeper of the holy carpet, is on Ryane's trail. Ryane promises Fortune that he will see that Jones comes to no harm as a result of his purchase of the rug.

CHAPTER IX.—(Continued.)

"Ten years ago," abstractedly. "What a lot of things may happen in ten years! Deaths, births, marriages," he went on; "the snuffing out of kingdoms and republics; wars, panics, famine; honor to some and dishonor to others. It kind of makes a fellow grind his teeth, little girl; it kind of makes him shut his fists and long to run amuck."

"Why should a strong, intelligent man, such as you are, think like that? You are resourceful and unafraid. Why should you think like that? You are young, too, why?"

He stopped and looked full into her eyes. "Do you really wish to know?"

"Had I better?" with a wisdom beyond her years.

"No, you had better not. I'm not a good man, Fortune, as critics go. I've slipped here and there; I've gambled and drunk and squandered my time. Why, in my youth I was as model a boy as ever was Percival. Where the divarication took place I can't say. There's always two forks in the road, Fortune, and many of us take the wrong one. It's easier going, fine excuse; eh? Some persons would call me a scoundrel, a black-leg; in some ways, yes. But in the days to come I want you always to remember the two untarnished spots upon my shield of honor; I have never cheated a man at cards nor run away with his wife. The devil must give me these merits, however painful it may be to him. Ten years ago, only a decade; good Lord! it's like a hundred years ago, sometimes."

Fortune breathed with difficulty. Never before had he taken her into his confidence to such extent. She essayed to speak; the old terror seemed fairly to smother her. It was not what he had told her, but what she wished to but dared not ask. She was like Bluebeard's wife, only she had not the moral courage to open the door of the grisly closet. Her mother, her uncle; what of them, ah, what of them? The crooked street vanished; the roar dwindled away; she was alone, all, all alone.

"I suppose I ought not to have told you," he said troubled at the misery he saw gathered in her eyes and vaguely conscious of what had written it there. "Your mother and uncle have been very kind to me. They know less of me than you do. I have been to them a kind of errand-boy; a happy-go-lucky fellow, who cheered them when they had the doldrums."

With forced cheerfulness he again took her hand and smuggled it under his arm, giving it a friendly reassuring pat. "I'll not speak to you of love, child, but a hair of your head is more precious to me than all Midas' gold. Whenever I've thought of you, I've tried to be good. Honestly."

"And can't you go back to the beginning and start anew?" tremulously. "Can any one go back? The moving finger writes. An hour is a terrible thing when you look to see what can happen in it. But, come; sermons! I'd far rather see you smile. Won't you?"

She tried to, but to him it was sadder than her tears would have been. For an hour they walked through the dim and dusty streets. He exerted himself to amuse her and fairly succeeded. But never did the unaccountable fear, that presage of misfortune, sleep in her heart. And at last, when he took her to her carriage and bade her good-by till dinner, in half-formed idea began to grow in her brain; to save Mr. Jones without betraying Ryane.

The latter's carriage was at the other end of the bazaar; so he strode sullenly through the press, rudely elbowing those who got in his way. An occasional curse was flung after him; but his heart, his breath of shoulder, his lowering face, precluded anything more active. The Moslems had a deal of faith in the efficacy of curses; so the jostled ones rested upon the promise, these satisfied that either, or to the near future, Allah increase of Dope Fiends.

Drug taking is greatly on the increase in London. Somebody recently introduced "hashish" into that great city, and so popular has it become that two hashish chambers are now in full swing not a hundred yards from Piccadilly.

No Use for Boys Any More. Somebody has invented an electric device that will split kindling wood. Gradually we are getting it so arranged that the world will have absolutely no use for small boys.

would blast the unbelieving dog in his tracks.

What cleverness the mother and scallawag of an uncle had shown to have kept the child in ignorance all these years! That she saw darkly, as through a fog, he was perfectly sure. Sooner or later the storm would burst upon her innocent head, and then God alone knew what would become of her. Oh, damn the selfish, sordid world! At that instant a great long-rolling rolled over him to cut loose from all these evil webs, to begin anew somewhere, even if that somewhere were but a wilderness, a clearing in a forest.

This moment flashed and was gone. Next, he reviewed with chagrin and irritation the folly of his ultimatum of the preceding night. He had had not the slightest semblance of a plan in his head. Sifted down, he saw his savage and senseless humor and the desire to stir up discord. Gloconda was right. Fortune was above them all, in feeling, in instinct, in loyalty. What right had he, roisterer by night that he was, predecease outlaw, what right had he to look upon Fortune as his own? Harm her! He would have lopped off his right hand first.

Well, he had but little time, and Percival Algonern called for prompt action. The young fool was smitten with Fortune. Any one could see that. As he shouldered his pathway to the carriage, his eyes seeing but not visualizing objects, three brown men glided in between him and the carriage-step.

CHAPTER X.

Mahomed Laughs.

The drawing back of Ryane's powerful arm was produced by the stimulus of self-preservation; but almost instantly thought dominated impulse, and all indications of belligerency disappeared. The arm sank, relaxed. It was not possible nor politic that Mahomed El-Gebel meant to take reprisal in this congested quarter. It would have gained him no advantage whatever. And Ryane's perception of the exact situation enabled him to smile with the cool effrontery of a man insured to sudden dangers.

"Well, well! So you have found your way to Cairo, Mahomed?"

"Yes, effendi," returned Mahomed, with a smile that answered Ryane's in thought and expression, the only perceptible whiteness of his fine teeth.

"Yes, I have found you."

"And you have been looking for me?"

"Surely."

Ryane, with an airy gesture, signified that he wished to enter his carriage. Mahomed, with a movement equally light, implied his determination to stand his ground.

"In a moment, effendi," he said smoothly.

Mahomed spoke English more or less fluently. His career of forty-odd years had been most colorful. Once a young sheik of the desert, of ample following, a series of tribal wars left him unattached, a wanderer without tent, village or onlon-patch. He had first appeared in Cairo. Here he had of necessity picked up a few words of English; and from a laborer in the cotton fields he was eventually graduated to the envied position of dragoman or guide. He tired of this, being nomadic by instinct and inclination. He tried his hand at rugs in Smyrna, failed, and found himself stranded in Constantinople. He drifted, became a stevedore, a hotel porter, burying his pride till that moment when he could, in dignity and security, resurrect it. Fortune, hanging fire, relented upon his appointment as cavass or messenger to the British Consulate. After a time, he became what he considered prosperous; and like all fanatic pagans of his faith, proposed to reconstruct his religious life by a pilgrimage to Holy Mecca. While there, he had performed a considerable service in behalf of the future Pasha of Bagdad, who thereafter gave him a place in his retinue.

Mahomed was not only proud but wise; and a series of events, sequences of his own shrewdness, pushed him forward till he became in deed, if not in fact, the Pasha's right-hand man in Bagdad. That quaint city, removed as it is from the ordinary highways of the Orient, is still to most of us an echo remote and mysterious; and the present Pasha enjoys great privileges, over property, over life and death; and it is not eschewing upon fact to say that when he deems it necessary to lop off a head, he does so, without consulting his master in Constantinople. It is all in the business of a day. Next to his celebrated pearls and rose-diamonds, the Pasha held his most precious treasure, the Holy Yliorides. And for its loss Mahomed knew that his own head rested but insecurely upon his lean neck. That star was still in ascendancy he believed. The Pasha would not be in Bagdad for many weeks. The revolution in Constantinople, the success of the Young Turk party, made the Pasha's future incumbency a matter of conjecture. While he bided those

The pet from Carp Bagdad

by HAROLD MACGRATH
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The MAN ON THE BOX etc.
Illustrations by M. G. KETNER
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wires familiar to the politician, Mahomed set out bravely to recover the stolen rug. He was prepared to proceed to any length to regain it, even to the horrible (to his Oriental mind) necessity of buying it. He retained his travel-worn garments circumspectly, for none would believe that his bournouse was well lined with English bank-notes.

"Well!" said Ryane, whirling his cape. He was by no means at ease. There was going to be trouble somewhere along the road.

"I have come for the Yliorides, effendi."

"The rug? That's too bad. I haven't it."

"Who has?" One fear-beset Mahomed's heart; this dog, whom he called effendi, might have sold it, since that must have been the ultimate purpose of the theft. And if he had sold it to one who had left Egypt. . . . Mahomed's neck grew cold. "Who has it, effendi? Is the man still in Cairo?"

"Yes. If you and your two friends will come with me to the English-Bar, I'll explain many things to you," assured Ryane, beginning, as he believed, to see his way forward. "Don't be afraid. I'm not setting any trap for you. I'll tell you truthfully that I didn't expect to see you so soon. If you'll come along I'll do the best I can to straighten out the matter. What do you say?"

Mahomed eyed him with keen distrust. This white man was as strong in cunning as he was in flesh. He had had practical demonstrations. Still, whatever road led to the recovery of the rug must needs be traveled. His arm, though it still rested in a sling was not totally helpless. It stood three to two, then. He spoke freely to his companions, over whom he seemed to have some authority. These two inventories of the smooth-faced Ferengi. One replied, Mahomed approved. Three to one, and in these streets many to call upon, in case of open hostilities. The English-Bar Mahomed knew tolerably well. He had known it in the lawless and reveling

his. They were rather upon even terms in the adjudication of each other's character.

The English-Bar was not the most inviting place. Sober, Ryane had never darkened its doors. The odor of garlic prevailed over the lesser smells of bad cooking. It was lighted only from the street, by two windows and a door that swung open all the days in the year. The windows were generally half obscured by bills announcing boxing-matches, wrestling-bouts and the lithographs of cheap theaters. The walls were decorated in a manner to please the inherent Anglo-Saxon taste for strong men, fast horses, and pink-tinted Venuses. A few iron-topped tables littered both room and sidewalk, and here were men of a dozen nationalities, slipping coffee, drinking beer, or solemnly watching the water-bubbles in their Sheeshas, or pipes.

A curious phase of this class of underworld is that no one is curious. Strangers are never questioned except when they invite attention, which they seldom do. So, when Ryane and his quasi-companions entered, there wasn't the slightest agitation. A blowy barmaid stood behind the bar, polishing the copper spittoons. Ryane threw her a greeting, to which she responded with a smirk that once upon a time had been a smile. He, being master of ceremonies, selected a table in the corner. The four sat down, and Ryane plunged intrepidly into the business under hand. To make a tool of Mahomed, if not an ally, toward this he directed his effort. Half a dozen times, Mahomed dropped a word in Arabic to the other two, who understood little or no English.

"So, you see, Mahomed, that's the way the matter stands. I'm not so much to blame as you think. Here this man Jones has me in a vise. If I do not get this bit of carpet, off I go into the dark into nothing. I handed you roughly, I know. But could I help it? It was my throat or yours. You're no chicken. You and that other chap made things exciting."

Mahomed accepted this compliment



"I Have Come for the Yliorides, Effendi."

eighties. It would certainly be neutral ground, since the proprietor was a Greek. With a dignified sweep of his hand, he signed for Ryane to get into the carriage. Ryane did so, relieved. He was certain that he could bring Mahomed round to a reasonable view of the affair. He was even willing to give him a little money. The three Arabs climbed in beside him, and the journey to the hostelry was made without talk. Ryane pretended to be vastly interested in the turmoil through which the carriage rolled, and, now and then, at a standstill, and again tortuously. Once Mahomed felt beneath his bournouse for his money; and once Ryane, in the pretense of seeking a cigar, felt for

to his prowess in silence. Indeed, he gazed dreamily over Ryane's head. The other fellow wouldn't trouble any one again. To Mahomed it had not been the battle, man to man; it had been the guile and trickery leading up to it. He had been bested at his own game, duplicity, and that irked him. Death, he, as his kind, looked upon with Oriental passivity. Ah, the well! The game was to have a second inning, and he proposed to play it in strictly Oriental ways.

"How much did he give you for it?" The expression upon Ryane's face would have deceived any one but Mahomed. "Give for it!" indignantly. "Why, that's the whole trouble. All my trouble, all the hard work, and

not a plaster, not a plaster! Can't you understand, I had to do it?"

"Is he going to sell it?"

"Sell it? Not he! He's a collector, and crazy over the thing."

Mahomed nodded. He knew something of the habits of collectors. "Is he still in Cairo, and where may he be found?"

Ryane began to believe that the game was going along famously; Mahomed was sure of it.

"He is George P. A. Jones, of Mortimer & Jones, rich rug dealers of New York. Money no object."

Though his face did not show it, Mahomed was singularly depressed by this news. If this man Jones had money, of what use was his little pack of notes?

"I must have that rug, effendi. There are two reasons; it is holy, and the loss of it means my head."

"Good riddance!" thought Ryane, a sympathetic look upon his face.

"What have you to suggest in the way of a plan?" asked Mahomed.

Ryane felt a tingle of jubilation. He saw nothing but plain-sailing into port. But Mahomed had arranged to guide his craft into the whirlpool. Under to himself he kept up a ceaseless reiteration of—"Patience, patience, patience!"

Said Ryane: "You do not care how you get the rug, so long as you do get it?"

"No, effendi," Mahomed smiled.

"A little rough work wouldn't disturb you?"

"No, it would not."

"Well, then, listen to me. Suppose you arrange to take my friend Jones into the desert for a little trip. Be his dragoman for a while. In fact, kidnap him, abduct him, steal him. You can hold him in ransom for the rug and a nice little sum of money besides."

"Can they do such things these days in Cairo?"

"Why not?"

"Truly, why not?" Mahomed sat thoughtfully studying the outrageous prints on the cracked walls. Had he dared he would have laughed. And he had thought this dog cunning beyond all his kind! "I agree. But the arrangements I must leave to you. Bring him here at nine o'clock to-night," he continued, leaning across the table impressively, "and I will give you one hundred pounds English."

Ryane quickly assumed the expression needed to meet such splendid news. "I say, Mahomed, that is pretty square, after what has passed between us."

"It is nothing," gallantly.

If Ryane laughed in his sleeve, Mahomed certainly found ample room in his for such silent and figurative exclamations. He knew very well that Ryane had received a goodly sum for his adventure. No man took his life in his hand to cancel an obligation which was not based upon disinterested friendship; and already the man had disavowed any such quality. Also, he had not been a seller of rugs himself, or guardian of the Yliorides all these years, without having had some contact with collectors. Why, if there was one person dear at this moment to Mahomed, El-Gebel's heart, it was this man sitting opposite. And he wanted him far more eagerly than the rug; only, the rug must be regained, for its loss was a passport into paradise; and he wasn't quite prepared to be received by the hours.

"Mr. Jones, then, shall be here promptly at nine," declared Ryane, beckoning the barmaid. "What will you have?"

Mahomed shook his head. His two companions, gauging the significance of the gesture, likewise declined.

"A smoke, then?"

A smiling negative.

"Beware of the Greek bearing gifts," laughed Ryane. "All right. You won't mind if I have a beer to the success of the venture?"

"No, effendi."

Ryane drank the lukewarm beverage, while Mahomed toyed with his turquoise ring, that sacred badge of an honorable pilgrimage to Holy Mecca.

"The young lady, effendi; she was very pretty. Your sister?" casually inquired Mahomed.

"Oh, no. She is a young lady I met at the hotel the other day."

The liar! thought the Moslem, as he recalled the light in Ryane's eyes and the tenderness of his smiles. Apparently, however, Mahomed lost interest directly. "At nine o'clock to-night, then, this collector will arrive to become my guest?"

"By hook or crook," was the answer. "I'll have him here. Cash upon delivery, as they say."

"Cash upon delivery," Mahomed repeated, the phrase being familiar to his tongue.

"Frankly, I want this man out of the way for a while."

"Ah!"

"Yes, I want a little revenge for the way he has treated me."

"So it is revenge?" softly. Traitorous to both sides.

"And when I get him here?"

"Leave the rest to me."

Turquoise a Morsey Stone.

The turquoise is the especial protection of horsemen and averts accidents in general.

Laugh and Grow Fat.

Democritus, who was always laughing, lived one hundred and nine years; Heraclitus, who never ceased crying, only sixty. Laughing, then, is best, and to laugh at another is perfectly justifiable, since we are told that the gods themselves, though they made us as they pleased, cannot help laughing at us.

"Good. I'm off, then. Take him to Bagdad. It will be an experience for him. But when you get him there, keep an eye out for the Shah Abbas in the Pasha's work-room."

The affair had gone so smoothly that Ryane's usual keenness fell below the mark; fatuity was the word. There had been so many twists to the morning that his abiding distrust of every one became, for the time being, edgeless. The trick of purloining the cable had keyed him high; the subsequent meeting of Fortune had depressed him. And besides, he was too anxious to be rid of Jones to consider the possibilities of Mahomed's state of mind.

He got up, paid his score, turned a jest for the amusement of the barmaid, and went out to his carriage. His deduction still fallow, he rode away. Lord! how easy it had been. Not a hitch anywhere. And here, for days, he had imagined all sorts of things, and his dreams, a jumble of dungeons, of tortures. He understood. The oldascal's own head hung in the balance. That's what saved him. To Mahomed the rug was the paramount feature; revenge (and he knew that Mahomed was longing madly, fiercely for it) must wait. And when Mahomed turned his attention to this phase, why, he, Ryane, would be at the other side of the Atlantic. It was very hard not to drop off at Shepherd's and confide the whole droll conspiracy to a bottle with a green and gilded neck. But, no; he had had no sleep the night before; wine and want of rest would leave him witless when the time came to see that Percival was safely stowed away. A fine joke, a monstrous fine joke! By-by, Percival, old chap; pleasant journey. The United Romance and Adventure company gives you this little romance upon approval. If you do not like it, return it. . . . If you can!

Mahomed sat perfectly still in his chair. His two companions watched him carefully. The mask had fallen, and their master's face was not pleasant to see. Suddenly he laughed. The barmaid stopped at her work. She had somewhere heard laughter like that. It gave her a shiver. Where had she heard it? Yes, that was it. A man who had played the devil in an opera called Fawet or something like that. Would she ever see dear old foggy London again? With a vain sigh she went on rinsing the glasses and coffee-cups.

When George rolled out of bed it was eleven. He bathed and dressed, absolutely content, regretless of the morning hours he had wasted. Truth to tell, he hadn't enjoyed sleep so thoroughly in weeks. He got to work, ridding the room of its clutter of books and clothes and what-nots. Might as well get the bulk of his packing out of the way while he thought of it.

Why had he been in such a dreadful hurry to pull out? Cairo was just now the most delightful place he knew of. To leave behind the blue skies and warm sunshine, and to face instead the biting winds and northern snows, rather dispirited him. He paused, a pair of trousers dangling from his hand. Pahaw! Why not admit it frankly and honestly? Wherever Fortune Chedsoye was or might be, there was the delectable country. He hadn't thought to ask her when she was to leave, nor whether she was to go. The abruptness with which she had left him the night before puzzled rather than disturbed him. Oh, well; this old planet was neither so deep nor so round as it had once been. What with steamships and railroads, the so-called four ends were drawn closely together. He would ask her casually, as if it did not particularly matter. In Naples it would be an easy matter to change his booking to New York. From Naples to Mentone was only a question of a few hours.

"I don't seem possible, George, old boy, does it? But it's true; and there's no use trying to fool yourself that it isn't. Fortune Chedsoye; it'll be a shame to add Jones to it; but I'm going to try."

He pressed down the last book, the last collar, the last pair of shoes, and sat upon the lid of the trunk. He growled a little. The lock was always bothering him. It was wonderful how many things a chap could take out of a trunk and how plagued few he could put back. It did not seem to relieve the pressure if he added a steamer-trunk here or a suitcase there; there was always just so much there wasn't any room for. Truly, it needed a woman's hand to pack a trunk. However his mother in the old school-days had got all his belongings into one trunk was still an unsolved mystery.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Object to Large Hats in Church.

The ecclesiastical authorities at Forst, near the Silesian frontier, have taken action against women who persist in wearing large hats in church. They complain that they are a source of inconvenience during communion, as the priest has to stoop too much. The women have been invited to wear hats with narrow brims when they come to church.

Classified.

"My precious lamb," said the new parson to the little girl, "I fear my father is one of those wayward sheep, long strayed from the fold."

"Dad's not a sheep," smiled the little girl. "He's a Bull Boomer!"—Judge.

Saved by Cigarette Case.

Ambulance surgeons tell of many cases where a bullet has struck a man's cigarette case, a glancing blow and not even so much as pierced the lining of the pocket in which the case was carried.

BEAR ROUTED BY TOBACCO

Ohlan, So Story Goes, Narrowly Escapes Hugging by Accurate and Timely Spitting.

Montgomery, Ohio.—James Williamson, a camp cook, encountered a huge bear that had crept from its owner here, and by rare presence of mind and a mouthful of tobacco juice escaped being hugged to death by squinting the juice square into Bruin's eyes.

Williamson was taking a near cut back to his camp after having missed his car and, coming on the bear unexpectedly, was unable to escape. He was unarmed and started to run, but Bruin was too quick for him.

The bear put his feet about Williamson's body and gave him one good embrace. He waited his chance, and when the bear tried to "kiss" him spat the mouthful of tobacco into his eyes. Instantly the bear let loose of Williamson and beat a hasty retreat.

IN RUSSIA'S CAPITAL

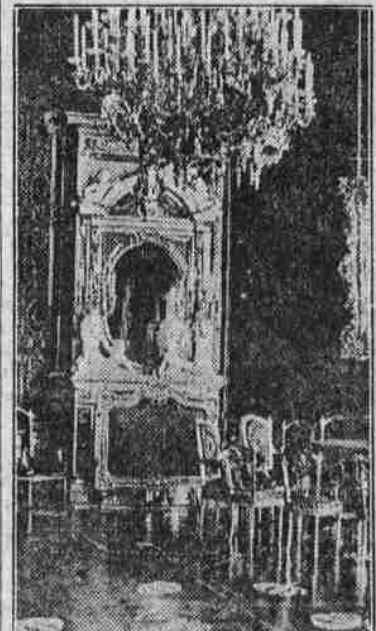
Streets of St. Petersburg Are a Semi-Oriental Sight.

Houses Like Huge Human Hives—No Crowds Permitted to Congregate and Newsboys Are Prohibited From Calling Their Wars.

St. Petersburg—As one moves about the streets, he is struck most of all by the wasteful use of space. It is at once apparent that Petersburg never slowly evolved from embryonic beginnings. But it would be unwise to proceed further in describing Petersburg's streets without noting the fact that she has two kinds of streets, namely, the Nevsky Prospect and others. An ordinary "colitza" or street except late in the afternoon (when Petersburg wakes up!), is a semi-Oriental sight. Save on court holidays, when each house is required to hang out the national flag, there is no color in the streets, the houses are dun colored and monotonously alike. There are no hills, no small homes, no large ones—just huge, human hives with courts in the rear, and lions constantly lit by tiny oil lamps in the front.

There is little noise. No crowds gather; the newsboys are not allowed to call their wares; bands, hand organs or street vendors seldom disturb this solemn city of the north. Even the tram cars creep by noiselessly; they are "curve-squeal" and rattle proof.

Ah, but how different, kaleidoscopic Nevsky Prospect! It is the Fifth Avenue, the Unter den Linden, the Regent street of Russia's capital. Less than three miles long, it is yet one of the world's really unique highways. There is nothing like it elsewhere. Some visitors come and go; others stay; but foreigners never seem to weary of gazing upon this peculiarly varied, marvelously cosmopolitan sight. Over the spacious wooden pavement between the two low banks of glittering stores, flows a motley stream of traffic. Here the ends of the earth seem to meet. Everybody from everywhere rushes hither and thither. Red French automobiles, their horns singing tuneless, metallic rattles, swerve and dodge about ragged peasants bearing burdens with wooden shoulder yokes or driving primitive, home-made carts. Royally appointed equipages, flaunting purple plumes and golden braid, prance sedately by, while continually upon one side and down the other pours a



Palace Drawing Room of the Empress at St. Petersburg.

steady torrent of cabs. Perhaps a funeral is creeping by (people die much in Petersburg); the golden, tinseled casket in the shabby, boat-like car flames brilliantly in the sunlight, and peasants stride proudly by it as though they are escorting a prize pumpkin to market. Inexhaustible is the fascination of this animated thoroughfare.

And the people! How varied and gay are the colors! How dazzling are the uniforms, the Parisian gowns, the flashing of trailing swords! Soldiers armed cap-a-pie seem to make up half the parading multitude. They meet, halt, salute and pass on. On the Nevsky Prospect there is time for everything. There are Frenchmen, Germans, Dutchmen, Finns, Tartars. The women are beautiful. Every true male Russian presents a study in whiskers. It is the land of the great unshaved. There is a peasant sweeping the street with a witch broom of twigs—a tattered edition of "Golitoi himself!" Before the street icons the faithful halt, bow, cross themselves and murmur a phrase of a prayer. What a human melange! Here the nations of Europe pass in review. What a pot-pourri of languages, sentiments, traditions and cultures bolts and mixes and disappears into a thin, black rivulet far down at the further end of Russia's one fascinating, nervous highway, the Nevsky Prospect!

BEAR ROUTED BY TOBACCO

Ohlan, So Story Goes, Narrowly Escapes Hugging by Accurate and Timely Spitting.

Montgomery, Ohio.—James Williamson, a camp cook, encountered a huge bear that had crept from its owner here, and by rare presence of mind and a mouthful of tobacco juice escaped being hugged to death by squinting the juice square into Bruin's eyes.

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